KING SOLOMONS Experimental OBSERVATIONS OF Himself, Time and Things; deducted From his RECANTATIONS, BY Way of Soliquie, in a well digested Method.

Veni Creator.

Come Holy-Ghost eternal God,
proceeding from above,
Both from the Father and the Son,
the God of Peace and Love;
Visit our minds, and into us
thy Heavenly Grace Inspire,
That in all Truth and Godliness
we may have true desire. Hallujah

Jan. 3d. 1687. This may be Printed.
Rob. Midgley.

LONDON,
Printed by *G. C.* and are to be Sold by *Randal. Taylor*, near *Stationers-Hall*, 1687.
14. March. 6.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THere is lately Printed a Book, Intituled *The way of Life is Pleaſant: Or the Church of* England *is the Beſt Guied.* Containing ſeveral uſeful Diſcourſes, for every Chriſtian to Read and Practice, for the ſupport of their Spirits, and comfort of their Minds: With ſome Evangelical Reflections upon the Apoſtolical Obſervation of the **Lent-Faſt**: With ſhort and uſeful Prayers upon the *Church-Feſtivals*, and moſt (other) Emergent Occaſions; with ſeveral preparatory Prayers for the Holy *Sacrament*, and Thanksgiving after Receiving. Licenſed *June*, the *4th.* 1686. And Sold by *Randal Taylor*, and *J. Harding*, at the *Bible* and *Anchor* in *Newport-ſtreet*, and *Rich. Save*, at *Grays-Inn-Gate* in *Holbourn*; and by moſt Bookſellers in *London* and *Weſtminſter.* 1686.

KING SOLOMONS Experimental OBSERVATIONS

Of Himſelf, Time and Things, &c.

(1)

" THe things that heretofore have been, we ſee
" Are but the ſame that are, and are to be:
" And what is done, is what is to be done,
" There's nothing that is new beneath the *Sun.*
" What Novelty can Earth proclaim, and ſay
" It had no Preſident before this day?

(2)

There's nothing Modern times can own,
The which preceedent Ages have not known;
The deeds of former Ages expire their date
In our callapſe Memories, and what
Times early Sun-ſhine hath not ripened yet,
Succeeding Generations ſhall forget.

(3)

I View'd my Heart, and there found greater ſtore
Of Wiſdom, than all thoſe that liv'd before.
No Knowledge could remain, nor Wiſdom lye
Cloſe from mine Ear, nor Clouded from mine Eye;
I gave my all inquiring Heart to know
Things Sacred, even ſuch as none did ſhow.

(4)

Yet perceiv'd I that all this Contemplation
Was Vain, and nothing but the Souls Vexation;
For he that labours for ſuch Wiſdom, gains
Grief in the enjoyment, in perſute, but Pains;
And who improves his Knowledge, ſtrives to borrow
A fair advantage to encreaſe his Sorrow.

(5)

Alas! there's nothing new beneath the Skie,
Search further Knowledg, yet go pleaſe thy Eye:
Search till the Object and thine Eye agree
In mutual Love, in cordial Charity.
This will bring ſome thing laſting to remain
To after days, tho' all's momentary and Vain.

(6)

Yet be inſtructed, come thou need'ſt not fear
Two hard a Bargain, go and purchaſe there:
Alas! much Wiſdom makes thy Grief but double,
Encreaſe of Knowledge, brings encreaſe of Trouble:
O but my Soul the lovely Eye of *Heaven*
Hath ſmil'd on thee, his full Hand hath given

(7)

A large addition to thy thriving State,
Thy Barns and Baggs are fill'd, thy Servants wait
Upon thy Pleaſure, and their Attention bare
Thy fruitful Burthens, Who lick Pilots ſhare:
Thy reeling Veſſel having richly endu'd
With Knowledg, Wiſdom, Judgment, and allow'd

(8)

Some Grains to make the Weight methinks thy Heart
So Arm'd with ſtrong reſolves ſhould never Start,
At threatning Evils, methinks thy daring Eye
If all the Criſtial Rafters of the Skie
Should make one Run, and that Run fall
About, thine Ears ſhould be unmov'd at all.

Not

(9)

Not every Knowledge nor Wiſdom can
Exempt thee from the common lot of Man
The wiſeſt Prince or Princes that e'er poſſeſs'd a Nation
Found all things Vain, and when enjoy'd, Vexation.
So fatal is our Prime, ſo unhappy is our Station,
Unworthy of the good that attends the Vileſt Nation

(10)

There's nothing ſweeter than to take repaſt
Of Meats and Drinks, and now and then to caſt
Griefs Burthen off, and gently loſe the Rayns,
And intermingling Pleaſures with our Pains.
But this I know lies not in our Command,
It is a Bleſſing from the Almighty's Hand.

(11)

For who can Eat, what Mortal can apply
His Heart to force a Pleaſure more than I:
Heavens gives the juſt Man Wiſdom, Knowledge, Mirth,
To Sinners travels, to heap Earth to Earth;
Wherewith it Inriches the Righteous Generation,
Tho' this be but Vanity or their Souls Vexation.

(12)

But ſtay my Soul, art thou reſolved then
To abjure Delights, and turn Capuccian,
Becauſe the Earth hath thus Ecclips'd the Light
Of thy Contentment, wilt thou make it Night.
Wart thou condemn'd to Sorrow, wart thou Born
To live in Languiſhment, and Die Forlorn:

(13)

Abuſe not thy Creation, thou wart made
Not thus to ſtarve thy Bloſſoms in the Shade
Of Baren Melancholy, or to waſt
The Penſive hours in the Boiſtrous Blaſt
Of ſtormy Diſcontent, come come my Soul,
Hoiſt up thy Sail to Mirth, tho' others houl,

(14)

Do thou to God give up thy penſive Soul
In dew and laſting Obedience, that ſo
Heaven may Protect thee, where e'er thou go,
And with freſh delights refreſh the purple Courts
Of proſperous Princes, ſtew thy Heart in Mirth,
And cruſh uncomfortable Melancholy in its Birth,

(15)

But Oh my Soul what profit can acerue
From laviſh Mirth, what pleaſure is't to ſcrew
An Antick Face, and Grim, or to enforce
An empty Laughter in a vain Diſcourſe:
Why then my Soul, go wind the Plumets up
Of thy down Spirits, with a cheering Cup.

(16)

O but perchance in that ſad Heart of thine
There is a Wound craves rather Oyl than Wine:
If then thy Cure prove worſe than thy Diſeaſe,
That Grief thou dareſt not Cure, attempt to Eaſe.
Forget thy Sorrows, or if thy ruged ſenſe
Will not be mov'd by Language to diſpence

(17)

With her provoking Foe, advize with Art,
Thoſe ſtubborn Streams thou can'ſt not ſtop, divirt,
And like a pain afflicted Stripling play
With ſome new Toy to while thy Grief away:
Go raiſe great Works, whoſe Structure may impart
The Maſters Wiſdom, and the Builders Art.

(18)

Such Structures whoſe magnificence may proclaim
Thy Worth as laſting Monuments of thy Name:
Plant Orchards for thy pleaſent Diet Bowers,
With dainty Fruits, and delectable Flowers:
Cut Waterworks, inſtruct the ſilver Tide,
To wanton up and down, teach her to ſlide

In

(19)

In ſafety meanders through the flud-Veins
Of the green Brafted ſtream, imbroydered Pains;
Raviſh thy Soul with Muſick, refreſh
The waiſted Spirits of thy unwealy Fleſh
With high-bred Paſtures, let Harmonious Airs
Compoſe the diſcords of thy droiling Cares.

(20)

Take pleaſure in the pale incloſed Grounds,
And let the Rhetorick of thy deep mouth'd Hounds
Perſwade thy headſtrong ſorrow ſo to Flye
Before the Heard, as they before the Crye.
Alas Alas my poor deluded Soul
Think'ſt thou to quench thy fire with Oil, or for to cool

(21)

Thy Flame with Cordials can thy Born Diſeaſe
Expect a Cure from ſuch Recepts as theſe.
No, no, theſe Bellows mount the Blaze the higher,
Thou leapſt but from the Pan into the Fire:
O but my Soul methinks wiſe forecaſt may
Redreſs the Sorrow, which no other way

(22)

Extinquiſhd eaſily can be, ſo commanding is thought we
That power it hath to prevent great Miſery; (ſee
If wiſely applied in ſeaſon it be,
Comfort 'twill bring to thee and me,
So good is prudent forecaſt in ſome degree to redreſs
The Afflicting Miſerys that are paſt

(23)

May claim ſome priviledge to prevent
The Miſhaps that future Changes may preſent;
If not, what harm, what diſconveniencies lies
In being Fool, what vantage to be Wiſe:
Both Fool and Wiſe muſt pay an equal ſhot,
At Natures Table have the ſelf ſame Lott.

(24)

Why then my Soul ſince Sorrow needs muſt haunt
Thy Life condemn'd to Labour, ceaſe to daunt
Thy bould endeavours with the ſence of Care,
Cheer up thy drooping Heart, and take thy ſhare.
Of all thy pleaſant Labours here Eat, drink, and let
Thy Senſe enjoy the wages of thy Sweat,

(25)

'Tis all thy Portion, take what may be had,
Bad is the Beſt, make the beſt of Bad:
Sweeten thy pains, mix Pleaſure with thy Sorrow,
Who knows to day what will betide to Morrow.
The great Creator in his wiſe decree
Hath pitch'd a time when e'ery Change ſhall be.

(26)

And tho his watchful Providence hath given
A ſeaſon to each purpoſe under *Heaven*.
There is a time appointed for our Birth,
And yet a time for each to turn to Earth.
There is a time for Tears to drown thine Eye,
A time to Laugh, and lay thoſe Sorrows by.

(27)

There is a time to mourn, a time to meet
The ſpritely Muſick with thy numerous Feet.
There is a due appointed ſeaſon either
To reconcile thy Soul and God together.
There is a time to gain, there is a time ordain'd
To loſe the Treaſures we formerly have gain'd.

(28)

There is a time to recolect and lay
Thy Treaſures up, a time to caſt away.
There is a time appointed when to Rend,
Another time appointed when to Mend.
A time for Silence, and a time to break
Reſerved Silence, and a time to Speak,

(29)

A time to Love, alſo a time to Hate
Our warm Affections, there is a time to abate.
A time to War, another time to ceaſe,
A time for publick and for private Peace,
If *Heavens* decrees thus bounds the Works of Man,
His Councils and decrees who can withſtan.

(30)

What real profit gains the fruitful Toils of Man,
Whoſe time and labour is but half a Span.
Fruitleſs ſure are all his Labours ſtore,
So Vain a thing is Man, ſo Vain, ſo Vain.
That *Heaven* is rarely to be gain'd,
With great ſtriving, fervour and Pain.

(31)

What gains our Travels, or what Works of ours
If all our Plots depends on Heavenly Powers.
Nor are our Actions nor their ſacred end
Govern'd by Chance, nor do our Works depend
On Chance or Fortune, but as *Heaven* thinks good
To exerciſe our frame compos'd of Fleſh and Blood.

(32)

What e'er he did, is rare and fairly done,
He gave the World for Man to muſe upon;
Whoſe Eyes with Admiration may diſcover,
The Motion, not the progreſs of the Mover.
I know that from the Works of Fleſh and Blood,
As they are Mans, there can ariſe no good.

(33)

Unleſs perhaps to qualifie with Oil
The Soul afflicting Vinaigre of his Toil:
To ſweeten Sorrows, may we underſtand
'Tis a Gift from the Almighty's Hand.
I know that *Heavens* decree is ſeald and free
From Alteration, a moſt firm Decree.

(34)

And ſo order'd, that the preſumptuous Race
Of Men may fear the Majeſty of his Face.
There is a time true Juſtice ſhall preceed
On every purpoſe, upon every deed.
The great diſpoſer keeps the ſelf ſame Track,
And calls his timely Revolutions back.

(35)

Forget thy painful Labours, and gain reſt,
Let this Crown peaceful contentment in thy Breaſt,
Art thou now pleaſed, what can thy Heart deſire
More than thou haſt, to fill thy vaſt deſire
'Tis all the preſent portion thou wilt have,
Who knows the entertainment of the Grave?

(36)

For Earth's contentment, ſcarce deſerves the name
Of common Happineſs, which like the Wind
Varies, ſtill meeting with a various Mind
Unconſtant Earth, what can thy Treaſures ſhew
That can give true ſatisfaction here below.
For all things thou canſt give are unconſtant too.

(37)

How full of Change, how full of Alteration,
Nay fix'd in nothing but thy meer Foundation?
And like thy ſelf our natural Parents we
Conſtant in nothing, but in loving thee,
One while we plunge in Tears, and by and by
We rage in Laughture, yet not knowing why.

(38)

To day the zeal of our Affection's ſuch,
We burn in love, to morrow hate as much.
Somtimes we fear not when our Evils appear,
Somtimes Affrighted at no cauſe of Fear.
To day we Feaſt and quaf in frollick Bouls,
To morrow Faſt and pinch our guilty Souls.

Now

(39)

Now Muſick now a Knell ſalutes our Ears
At Noon we ſwim in Wine, at Night in Tears:
Ore Night our Vows are made, our Joys Concluded,
To day the Danger's paſt, and *Heaven* deluded.
The laſt ſix Months our Fortune ſwell'd with ſtore,
And now they Break, was never *Job* ſo Poor.

(40)

Unconſtant Earth, is it not enough,
Thy days are Evil at beſt, and but a Puff
At largeſt, at the faireſt, but Vain,
Sad at merieſt, at ſweeteſt but Pain
But thou muſt leve our Frailty as a Prey
To time Born Chance, that will permit no ſtay,

(41)

But O my Soul why do'ſt thou thus contend
With thy Creators Pleaſure, ceaſe to ſpend
This needleſs Breath ſhall thy diſordered will
Confront his Providence, or call that Ill
Which he thinks Good, till me my Soul ſhall he
That gave thee Being, be proſcrib'd by thee.

(42)

He made thee for his Glory not to ſpend
Thy days in laviſh Labours, not to end
Thy painful travels in the ſhades of Death,
But thou haſt tainted that Immortal Breath,
Which qualified thy Life, and made thee free
Of *Heaven* and Earth, and a joint Patente.

(43)

Bending thy ſtrait deſires to unknown Delights
And wrapt thy glory in the Clouds of Night;
Forfeited thy free will to good, didſt overthrow
Thy perfect Knowledge, with deſire to know.
Since then my Soul thy Thoughts may not Aſpire
To what thou would'ſt ſuit thy Suppreſs'd deſire,

To

(44)

To what thou mayeſt, and let thy Wiſdom Play
Bad Fortune with beſt Advantage, what the day
Brings in by Travel, let not the frollick Night
Conſume in Mirth, and ſpend in full Delight.
Take thou to day, let others take to morrow,
He earns the Solace that endures the Sorrow.

(45)

My Soul return'd and fix'd her Thoughts upon
The hard Oppreſſions made beneath the Son;
And loe the Tears of Captives in Diſtreſs,
Cry'd loud for Comfort, but were Comfortleſs.
Great was the Opreſſors Power, yet the Grief
Of the Opreſs'd was void of all Releif.

(46)

O then I counted their Condition beſt
Whom Death had lul'd in everlaſtiug Reſt:
Yea far more Bleſs'd than thoſe who live to ſtand
Afflicted Patients at the Oppreſſors Hand;
Streated forth in Travel to prepare full Diet,
With Hearts Vexation, and the Souls Diſquiet.

(47)

Vain and Fooliſh is his Diſpoſition
That Checks Advice, and Spurns at Admonition.
Revive thy Life my Soul, caſt up thy Days
They are but few, thy Life is but a Blaze:
Go take an Inventory of thoſe Joys
Which falſe Earth allows, they are but Toys.

(48)

Hath *Heaven* inrich'd thy mind with triving drifts
Of precious Pearls indu'd thy mind with Gifts
Of ſacred art, or Glorified thy Name
With Honour, poſted on the wings of Fame,
What is there then that lies in Earths Election
To raiſe thy Happineſs to more Perfection.

(49)

O but my Soul what great, what higher Hand
Shall ſtop the mouth of Envy, or command
Her Snake devouring Fangs to keep the Peace
Upon thy worthy Name, to every Leaſe
Of Earth's beſt granted Happineſs belongs.
The ſharp proviſo of malicious Tongus.

(50)

They may blaſt thy Fortunes, leave a tang
Upon thy new broach'd Honours they ſhall hang
Like Burrs upon thy Welfare, and deſtroy
Like the Eaſtern Worme the Gourd of all thy Joy;
Or if thou chance to ſcape the Whiſpering Tongue
Of malign Envy, force and bold-fac'd Wrong.

(51)

May hap to ſoar upon thy full mouth'd Sails
And rude Oppreſſion with her harpy Nails,
May gripe thy fair poſterity, and Grate
Upon the vaſtneſs of thy great Eſtate,
Or if theſe forraign dangers ſhould forbear
To make Aſſault, or made prove leſs ſevere,

(52)

From out thy very Boſom may ariſe
Inteſtine Foes, to make thy Peace their Prize:
If that dull Worme that cloath's the Moſſy Land
With rages but kiſs thy Boſom foulded Hand,
'Twill eat thy Treaſure with a ſecret Ruſt,
And lay thy Bed-rid Honour in the Duſt.

(53)

Or if thy droling hand ſhould once be ſlave
Thy glorious freedom, with a thirſt to have,
And take thee Priſoner to thy luſe deſires,
Thy Happineſs whil'ſt enjoy'd Expires.
Or if thy liberal content ſhould Crown
Thy Gold with Reſt, and make thine own thy own!

Perchance

(54)

Perchance thou wantſt a Partner that may ſhare
In all thy Fortunes, (or if ſpeed an Heir)
Whoſe worth and hopeful merits may revive
Thy honour'd Duſt, and keep thy Name alive
Or if the pleaſed hand of *Heaven* Subſcribe
To thoſe deſires, a ſelf-conceit may bribe.

(55)

Thy Paſſion guided will to take up Arms
'Gainſt ſovernign Reaſon, at whoſe loud Allarms,
Thy falſe Affections may riſe up and ſhake
Thy Fancy-baffl'd Judgment, and ſo make
A gape for Miſchief, and ſo recomend
Thy reeling Fortune to a Ruinous end.

(56)

Now tell me O my Soul wherein can Earth
Deſerve thy Pains, or gratifie thy Birth.
Then let the wiſdom of thy Lips appear
Before thy God with reverencial Fear:
Here may'ſt thou feaſt thy Soul, and fill thy Breaſt
With Heavenly Raptures, and with holy Reſt.

(57)

Here ſhall thy Piety ſweeten all thy Pains,
And Grace ſhall here reprieve what Grief reſtrains.
Here may'ſt thou ſhroud thee from thoſe evils that wait
Upon the frailty of thy frail Eſtate,
Here may thy Grief unboſom all thy Groans,
And find Releif from the high Throne of Thrones.

(58)

Haſt thou, O hye thee to that ſecrit Place,
Why ſtayſt thou ſo, the widened Arms of Grace
Invites thy Preſence, and with widened Breaſt
Promiſes fair Welcome to ſo humble a Guſt
O but my Zeal tranſports my Soul, take heed,
Too raſh a haſt, brings oft too dear a ſpeed.

Obſerve

(59)

Obſerve thy Steps, thy Feet are apt to ſlide,
If thy miſguided Steps ſhould ſwerve aſide.
Death waits at either hand to make a prize
Of wavering Foot ſteps, and miſs wandering Eyes.
Near the beſt Bleſſings Neighbouring dangers dwell,
The very Suburbs of bleſſed *Heaven*, is Hell.

(60)

Thus when thy awful preſence draweth near,
Thoſe Hallûjahs Courts advice and fear.
Put off thy ſhoes, 'tis Holy Ground thou treadſt
Be not too Bold, thou dieſt unleſs thou Dreadſt.
Now may thy holy boundneſs ſafely venture
To paſs thoſe delectable Courts, and Enter.

(61)

Now cloath thy Heart, with Reverence be fill'd
With ſacred Raptures, let thy Fancy build
No Caſtles here, beware thou Baniſh hence
The ſinful Objects of inviting Senſe;
Mark *Heavens* command, and let thy zealous motion
Subſcribe to that, the cauſe of thy Devotion.

(62)

Let *Heavens* Directions be thy call, and bend
Thy humble Heart, to make *Heavens* Glory thy end,
Be wiſely careful that thy Lips impart
Nothing but that which may revive thy Heart:
O bring thy Tongue acquainted with thy Breaſt,
That thou with Saints mayeſt ſhare in perfect Reſt.

(63)

Be ſlow to ſpeak, and be as quick to hear,
Thy Maker loves a ſingle Heart a double Ear.
Make haſt to pay what thy vow'd promiſe ows,
Misfortune falls to unperformed Vows.
Here thou may'ſt overcome and controle
Earth's power, and Imparadice thy Soul.

(64)

In ſoft and ſecret Reſt, beyond the extent
Of whiſpering Grief, and murmouring Diſcontent,
O but my Soul groce Vanity even dwells
In thy Devotion, whoſe rank Offering ſmells
So ſtrong of Earth, that *Heaven* derides
Our very Altars, and abhors the Pride.

(65)

Of our diſguis'd Humility, which brings
A dreadful Curſe upon our Holyeſt things.
This robs wretched Man of his true Reſt,
This is an evil which the Wiſe deteſt
Earth's Joys are Vain, and thoſe that ſhall commit
Truſt in vain Earth, are far more Vain than it.

(66)

This is an evil frequents the troubled Breaſt
Of wretched Man, and robs him of his Reſt.
To ſee where God hath multiplied and given
What Wealth and Honour Earth can beg of Heaven
And yet no power to uſe it, but deſcends
To Strangers, Oh this Tranſcends, Tranſcends.

(67)

This may ſuffice the Body, but the Will
Of his inſatiate Soul what hand can fill.
What is it then the wiſe Mans Labour gains,
More than the painful Fool by all his Pains?
What wants the poor Man, that by his prudent Labour
(Knows how to live) more than his Wealthy Neighbour

(68)

O correcting Twilight, great providencial Eye
Unmuzle Darkneſs, and with Morning light,
Redeem the day from new Baptized Night;
From all ſpots of Sin we pray thee our Souls affright
That Darkneſs vaile us not in everlaſting ſhade,
Nor our Names be quite forgot, nor our Memorys faid.

(69)

O Sacred Power! what mean'ſt thou to command
Divorce betwixt united Sea and Land,
When wrapt the Earth as yet (untouch'd with Showers)
In a green Robe imbroadered red with Flowers.
What means the Beams of his refulgent Eye
To print that Image in that Criſtial Skie.

(70)

O great Omnipotence, who by thy bountious Hand
Haſt made large proviſion both by Sea and Land.
Large are thy Volumes, and perfect the Story
Of all thyn Works, the Manuel of thy Glory,
Man in whoſe Soul the all Eternal drew
The Image of himſelf, for Earth to View

(71)

With Fear and Wonder in whoſe ſoveraign Eye
He breath'd the flames of dreadful Majeſty:
Earths Empire, and the lower Worlds command
Crown him with Glory, and him King of Land.
Like *Heaven* bred Angels, that excel in Power,
And Glorifie their Maker every Hour.

(72)

O but my Soul, how mai'ſt thou be Aſham'd
Of thyn own ſelf, how is this Frame unfram'd:
How is this Manuel blotted every word,
How interlin'd, how is this Image Blurr'd:
How are thoſe Sparks of Majeſty that were
So bright, now baffled with degenerous fear.

(73)

How is the Sun-bright Honour of his Name
Eclips'd, and his Glory by us Defam'd,
To our Diſhonour, who deſerves his Scorn,
For our Demerits to be Forlorn.
O then reflect upon thy ſelf, my Soul Inquire
Into the vaſtneſs of thy vain Deſire.

What

(74)

What would'ſt thou have, which being had may fill
The unfadom'd gulf of thy inſatiate will;
Is he conceal'd, Omnipotence confin'd,
Where is this will commanding Saint enſhrin'd,
Is not their Royal Perſon gone to view
The Mines of *Ophir*, or the rich *Perue*.

(75)

Or is ſhe gone to Oil the Wings of time
With unctious Pleaſures in ſome Forraign Clime:
Or is ſhe mounted on the Slippory Throne
Of ſtaggering Honour, there diſguis'd unknown.
Alas my Soul, if *Heaven* ſhould ſuit thy ſtore
With thy deſire, thou would'ſt deſire yet more.

(76)

What if a numerous Offspring ſhould proclaim
A happy perpetuity to thy laſting Name,
Yet mayeſt thou view thy end, and take occaſion
To inrich thy thoughts with fruitful Contemplation.
Better to cloud thy Face with Grief, than ſhow
The laviſh wrinkles of a Laughing Brow.

(77)

For by the ſad demeanour of thine Eyes
The Hearts inſtructed, and becomes more wiſe
The wiſe Mans Heart is always turning
His weary footſteps to the Houſe of Mourning
But Fools conſume and revel out the Night
In Daliance, and the day in luſe Delight.

(78)

When wiſe Men turn Oppreſſors, they have crack'd
Their underſtanding in the very Act.
But he whoſe gentle Spirit is indued
With Meekneſs is far better than the proud,
And is indebted to the Heavenly King,
Who ſuch Graces to frail Man doth bring.

Wiſdom

(79)

Wiſdom is a guard, and Treaſure a defence
To ſuperceed our wants releiv'd from thence.
Wiſdom is the Extract of Knowledge, and conveys
To the Poſſeſſor Comfort, with laſting Days.
O let thy thoughts inquire and underſtand
The well weyed works of the Almighty's Hand.

(80)

In thy good day take Pleaſure and be wiſe,
In thy bad chance have Patience, and advice.
For Wiſdom gives both by turns to let man ſee
How alterable Earthly pleaſures be.
Much have I ſeen in this my ſhort liv'd day
Amongſt the reſt the juſt Man's ſnatch'd away.

(81)

In his juſt works, while Wicked find ſucceſs,
And proſper in their long liv'd Wickedneſs:
Yet let not Folly captivate thy Breath,
And make thee priſoner to untimely Death.
In all thy actions therefore it is beſt
To lodge Uprightneſs in thy conſtant Breaſt.

(82)

Flee then the vanity of thy vaſt Deſire,
For had'ſt thou more than Heart could wiſh to ſee
Thy Fortunes ſtill would diſagree.
For thy reſtleſs laborious mind,
Tho ſtill diſcovering yet diſpair to find
Treaſures fit to ſatisfie thy Mind.

(83)

Till it be fix'd upon the King above,
Whoſe Treaſure fills thoſe that deſire to love
His Majeſterial wiſdom, and obey him too
In his Divine Precepts, and his Royal Law:
This Wiſdom in thy travels thou may'ſt attain
And by true Grace ſee all things here but Vain.

Thy.

(84)

Thy common height's on a ſtrict reviſe
Wiſdom will ſhew they Come far ſhort of Wiſe;
Nay ſince the very Act of thy Devotion
Can bring no reſt, nor qualifie the motion;
Who then ſhall ſuppreſs thoſe Poyſons that conteſt
Within the Kingdom of thy troubled Breaſt;

(85)

Call back thy mind, inſpect thy ſelf a new,
And take thy Birthright to a freſh review;
Thou art Immortal and Divine by Birth,
A ſpark of *Heaven*, thou wart not Born of Earth.
Earth is the Foot-ſtool of thy Heavenly Throne,
Made for thy meaner parts to trample on.

(86)

Look not ſo lo my Soul, there's nothing there,
Fit for thy ſecret View, it is no Sphear;
For thee to dwell on, for thou wer't made
For higher Contemplations, if Glory thou wilt have
Fix then thy mind on higher Objects ſtill
And be obedient to the Almightys will

(87)

If thou deſireſt Heavens pleaſure to fulfiill,
Or thy Soul to inſhrine in with that Godlike Kingdom,
O but my Soul. that Alliance of thy Fleſh
Claims Kindred here, takes pleaſure to refreſh
Her Fleſh to much with droſſey Earth,
To fill with which, will ruine thy Birth.

(88)

If ſhee tranſgreſs, 'tis thou muſt bear the Blame,
And all her deeds reflect upon thy Name:
O then beware, and if ſhe needs muſt go
To viſit Earth, firſt let her Frailty know
How apt ſhe is to fall, and how prone
To blurr and ſtain, thy Honour, and her own.

(89)

A Name unblemiſh'd with the ſinful Soyle
Of ſorded Earth, is as a precious Oyle,
Which like a ſoveraign Antidote prevents
That plague of Vanity which Earth preſents.
Then tell her, tell her, that her mother Earth
Muſt give her Burial as ſhe gave her Birth.

(90)

O ſhew her, ſhew her every gaſpe of Breath
Are Minutes moving to the hour of Death;
And let her know the Houſe of Mourning brings
More profit than the Palaces of Kings;
And leſs real Happineſs doth dwell
In a full Banquet, than a paſſing Bell

(91)

Arm her with Patience, apt to entertain
Thy wiſe Reproofs. but if her Paſſions reign,
Correct it wiſely, teach her ſober Eye
A willing ignorance in things too high:
If liberal Earth ſhould chance to crown her ſtore
Let her wiſe modeſty reſerve no more.

(92)

Then ſhe can manage Pilots that are wiſe
Preportion out their Convoys to the Skies:
Let not her Knowledge with the Eagle flie,
Unleſs her Wiſdom hath an Eagles Eye.
Wiſdom digeſts what Knowledge did devour,
Things ſweet in taſt, are indigeſted Sower.

(93)

In proſperous Fortunes let her joy be ſuch
That in hard times ſhe may not grieve too much.
Ah but above all, count Wiſdom as the chiefeſt good,
And ſeek to prize and purchaſe it whether with Sweat or Blood.
And let the precloſe of thy thoughts be this
To ſtudy what Man was, and what Man is.

So

(94)

So now my Soul thy well inſtructed Fleſh
May viſit Earth, and with her ſweets refreſh
Thy waſted Spirit ſecu'rd from all thoſe Ills
Which threaten ruine to diſtempered wills.
Now mayeſt thou eat and drink and make ſupplies
For after days, and cloſe thy peaceful Eyes.

(95)

In calme contents. and 'ſcape thoſe hidden Snares
That lurk in Pleaſure, and increaſe our Cares.
He only takes advantage of his Lott
That uſes Earth, as if he uſed it not.
Wiſdom adorns the Cheeks with lovely Grace
And plants courageous bouldneſs in the Face.

(96)

Let me adviſe the Subjects Heart to ſtand
Devoted always to the Kings command;
For having ſworn Allegiance to them both,
Heaven and thy Conſcience do atteſt the Oath.
If thou haſt err'd, continue not in ill,
For Princes acts are guided by their Will.

(97)

The potent Majeſty of a Princes word
Is back'd and made authentick by the Sword.
What venterous Tongue dares queſtion or demand
The leaſt account from his illuſtrious Hand;
Whoſe loyal Breaſt obeys the Law of Kings,
Shall never feel the grief Rebellion brings.

(98)

The wiſe Mans Heart knows time and judgment too
Not only when to ſpeak, but what to do,
There is to every purpoſe among Men
A judgment what to do, a ſeaſon when,
Which if miſtaken, or not underſtood,
Oft brings miſery upon Fleſh and Blood.

There

(99)

There is a vanity that reignes here below,
I ſee the wiſe Man reap what Sinners Sow.
And ſinners ſhares when juſt men ſow the Seed.
This Grief (ſaid I) with other Griefs exceed.
Then priſed I Mirth, and held it the beſt Choice
Beneath the *Sun* to Eat and to Rejoice.

(100)

For this is good, and this is Gain,
It cheers our Days, and crowns our Pain.
Tho well I know they only ſhall be Bleſs'd
That fear the Lord with a filial Breaſt;
For the wicked ſhall not eſcepe ſecure,
Tho he live long, he ſhall not long endure.

(101)

But like a ſhaddow ſhall his days appear,
Becauſe he fear'd not when he ought to fear;
For the Almighty's works beneath the *Sun*
Are paſt finding out, my fruitleſs thoughts did run
This Heavenly maze, till they at length concluded
Mans wit ſtops here, and Wiſdom ſtands deluded.

(102)

But ſtay my Soul. what Language doth appear
Am I deceiv'd, or did I ſeem to hear;
Did not that Voice that voted Wiſdom Vain
But very now cry it up again.
Shall what was Late condemn'd as a Diſeaſe,
Now prove a remedy to give thy Sprits eaſe.

(103)

How haps it then that wiſdom whoſe encreaſe
Adds to our Grief, yet Crowns our days with Peace.
Be not deceived my Soul, let not one Name
Confound one Nature, and make to the ſame,
And turn joint Tenant in one perfect Line,
Than theſe two wiſdoms, Humane and Divine.

That

(104)

That breeds a tumour in the Flatterers Breaſt
This lays it, that brings trouble, and this reſt.
That kindles Fires, and thoſe Flames encreaſe
To ſelf Contention, this concludes a Peace.
That dulls the thoughts ſuppreſs'd with love deſires
This mounts the Soul with more heroick Fires

(105)

That cannot break the tranſitory Frown
Of Fortunes Brow, this makes a Croſs a Crown.
That fills thy hopes with Froth, and blurs thy youth
With Black-mouth'd Errour, this directs to Truth.
That ſcorns Advice, and like an ownſelf lover
Befools thee, but this honours the Reprover.

(106)

That fears and flees, and falls at every Breath
Of Diſcontent, this triumphs even in Death;
That breaks Relations, and for private ends
Diſſolves Allegiance, and disbands true Frinds.
This loves ſoſciety, calls not mine but ours,
Yields due Obedience to ſuperiour Powers.

(107)

That pricks by Paſſion, ruſhes into Crimes,
This back'd with Reaſon, counſels with the Times,
That gave the name of Power, this the thing
That made a Tyrant, this creates a King.
That lights by Honour. fading like a Blaze,
This crowns thy days with everlaſting Praiſe.

(108)

That breeds a *Serpent*, this brings forth a *Dove*,
That works a ſervel Fear, this filial Love.
That deads thy Spirit, this makes thee wiſely bold,
That ſcowers thy Braſs, this refines thy Gold
That fills thy Feaſt with Cares, with Fears thy Breaſt
This makes thy morſel a perpetual Feaſt.

That

109. That cools thy Palate, but inflames thy Fire,
This ſlacks thy Thirſt, and ſatisfies thy Deſire,
With ſweet-lip'd Roſes, that appear as plain
As Tide-forſaken Rocks along the Main.
Then ſhall true wiſdom like fair *Sheba's Queen*,
Begin her Royal progreſs, and now be ſeen.

110. In perfect Beauty, ſhall erect her Throne
In every (wiſe) Breaſt, and every *Solomon*
Shall court her Glory, and intranc'd in pleaſure
Shall ſmell her Spices, and divide her Treaſure.
All this I ponder'd, and at length I found
All Actions whether juſt or wiſe, were crown'd

111. By ſecret Providence, and no Man knows
Gods love or hate, by bleſſings, or by blows;
All haps alike to all, the ſame things, doe
Befall the Righteous, and the Unrighteous too:
Which makes the deſperate Hearts of Men to Rave
With Miſchief, till they drop into the Grave:

112. For the ambition of their hopes extend
But to this Life, and with this Life they end,
Diſpiſing poor Wiſdom, tho at length
She diſcovers greater worth than Golden Strength.
The mean Man's Wiſdom is poorly priz'd,
His words not heard, or being hear'd, diſpis'd.

113. Prudent advice is more Tranſcending far
Than ſtrength of Arms, or Inſtruments of War;
But raſh attempts of a miſguided hand
Defeat themſelves, and Ruine all the Land:
But 'tis Wiſdom to endeavour, as well as do,
Who bravely ſuffers, is Victorious too.

114. Then chear my Soul, let not the frowns of (Earth
Diſturb thy Peace, or interrupt thy Mirth;
Let no diſcouragements diſmay thee, or deforme
The Beauty of thy thoughts, or caſt thy mind
Into a doubt, let the Wind blow where it pleaſe
A well diſpoſed Heart will give thee eaſe

115. A well prepared Breſt, will thee give ſhelter
And afford thee reſt, when worldly croſſes enter
But, underſtand Heaven tries thy temper.
Then cheer my Soul, let not the Rubs of Earth
Diſturb thy Peace or Interrupt thy Mirth
But dedicate thy ſelf to God from thy Birth.

116. That Heavens may Crown thy labour with Succeſs,
And thou enjoy it freely Eat Drink and Bleſs
The Gracious giver, and thy Soul rejoyce
To take a cheerful pleaſure in thy choice
Of all delights, and what his Bounty gave
With a free hand, fear not (thou) to receive;

117. With a free Heart refreſh thy fainting Head
With pretious Oyles, and cheer thy careful Heart
With Feaſts of joy, or if a croſs ſhould Greet
Thy frolick Soul, march bravely on and meet
Thy adverſary in the wild deſart, fear not
Thou ſhalt prevail againſt the Eenemy and what

118. Then ſweeten up thy Labour and thy Life
With the Comfortable ſolace of Heavenly delights
Let theſe ſuffice thee as the center of thy Reſt
For nothing is comparable with the Heavenly Feaſt
This brings thy Heart all pleaſures that may ly
Within the lawfull Limits of thine Eye.

119. Take time while time ſhall ſerve, to Morrow may
Be Noon of ours, come, come be wiſe to day;
And teach thy Labours to beſtow thy ſorrow
On thoſe that practice to be fools to Morrow;
Such Folly ſtains a worthy laſting Name
Yea a Spotleſs Family, twill defame,

120. A Wiſe Mans Heart is placed at Right Hand
His Plots and Counſels are of ſtrong command:
But there's an Evil beneath the Sun that Springs
From thoſe who oppoſe the Lawful authority of Kings
When the vain are made Stateſmen and command at Court,
And Men of parts, are made the lower ſort.

121. But

121. But he that chuſes wiſdom for his Guide,
Shall be directed to do what Strength deni'd.
Woe to the Land whoſe Princes Wiſdom Sways
The Scepter in the Non-age of her Dayes.
But Bleſs'd art thou O Land, when as thy Kings
Derive their Royal Blood from Ancient Springs.

122. Of Majeſty, and Rulers timely Diet
Serves to maintain their ſtrength, and not their Riot
By to much ſlothfulneſs, the Building falls
Into decay, and Ruine ſhakes her walls
Bleſs thou the King and him that bears the Sword
With Mind and Heart, in thought and word:

123. For the Fowls of Heaven declare hidden things,
And ſwift report ſhall fly with ſecret Wings,
But bold preſumption tempts our thoughts to prize
Our Wiſdom over much, and ſeem too wiſe;
Yet true Knowledge will inſtruct and Teach
What black Mouth'd error before had much defac'd.

124, For Seaſoned knowledge is paſt the reach
Of Envy and errour therefore twill truly teach
Thy Tongue wiſe ſilence, Wiſdom when to break
Thy cloſed Lips, and Judgment how to ſpeak,
" She'll teach thee Chriſtian Policy and how
" To keep thee ſafe when as thy Princes brow

125. " Shall threaten Death even when the Sword ſhall
" Like Horrid lightning from his wrothfull eye. (Fly
" O but the rage of Princes oftentimes
" Darts lightning at the perſon, not their crimes:
" Take head my Soul thou treadeſt upon the Ice,
" Be not to venterous to hear, nor yet to nice:

126. Ruſh not too bold, thou mayeſt as ſoon convince
" An errour in thy Conſcience as thy Prince,
" To lay command upon indifferent things,
" Is a Sole Royalty belongs to Kings:
" If here thy conſcience doubts, the Book of Life
" Muſt caſt the ballance and deſide the ſtrife.

127. Let not errour, nor a miſguided will
Cauſe thee to leave the good, and cleave to ill;
Lend him thy Prayers, Lament, adviſe, perſwade,
Let not thy Hand nor yet thy Tongue upbraid,
He is a Sacred Perſon, and by Heaven appointed
To be thy Prince, O touch not Heavens Anointed.

128. " What if he lend the fullneſs of his Power,
" To thoſe Imperious Spirits that devour
" Subjects like Bread, and Drink the ſecret Life
" Of Men like Water, but they not once allow'd
" To plead for Life, but ſilently Subſcribe
" To thoſe who cannot Judge without a Bribe.

129. Rebell not thou nor in a Hoſtile way
Accoſt thy Prince, but ſuffer, or obey;
What if the common Favourites of the times,
The courtly Gallant grow great with Crimes,
Climbs up to a Lordſhip, when the Man of Merit
Breaks on the Wheel of Fortune, muſt inherit

130. Nothing but Scorn, want and a deſpiſed Name
Betrayed to miſery and to empty Fame;
Be wiſe thy ſelfe, let not thy Eye be Evil
To a wiſe Heart both Hills and Dales are level.
How happy is that Land, how Bleſſed the Nation,
Whoſe Prince directs by Wiſdom not by Paſſion.

131. Whoſe ſecret wiſdom knows how great a price
True Vertue beares, and how to puniſh Vice;
Whoſe Royal Majeſty and Princely Love
Can both Incorporate, and Joyntly move
In a ſelf-Glorious orbe, and from one Sphear
Breath ſuch Rare Influences of Love and fear

132. Into the Hearts of Men that all the Land
Shall cry God ſave the King, and ſweetly ſtand
Wrapt with ſweet Peace, and ſecret Admiration;
How happy is that Land, how Bleſſed that Nation;
So Bleſſed our Nation, ſo happy is our Land
O God continue Peace and Plenty long to ſtand.

133 Upon

133. Upon the Water let thy Bread be caſte,
And thou ſhalt find it, when ſome days are paſt;
Give Liberal Alms for 'tis unknown to thee
How full, of wants thy after days may be:
If Clouds be full will they deny to Power
Their Fruitfull Bleſſing in a Liberal Shower.

134. Oh Heavens high! his works are ſtrange unto my Breaſt
Full of wonders, and my Soul Poſſeſt
With Love and Reverence of his Majeſty great,
Who for our ſakes ſtrange wonders doth Create.
What wanteſt thou then my Soul, that may Augment
The real happineſs of a true content?

135. Seing God for thee ſuch things hath done,
As cannot be equalled beneath the Sun,
So now my Soul thy wiſdom ſeaſoned Breaſt
May Eat and Drink, Labour and digeſt
Thy careful Morſels, and with Holy Mirth
Diſperſe the Clouds of Melancholy Earth:

136. Now mayeſt thou ſit beneath thy cluſtered Vine
And preſs thy Grapes, and Drink thy frolick Wine
In ſoft and Plenteous Peace, and leave to Morrow
To bear the burden of thy ſelf-born ſorrow.
Now mayeſt thou walk ſecure from thoſe Threats
Of peeviſh Fortune and flee all fly deceits

137. Of flattering pleaſure, plenty cannot drown
Thy Heart in Mirth, nor miſery caſt thee down,
What Vertue want'ſt thou now? whoſe abſence may
Encourage bold faced Vanity to betray
Ay but my Soul, ſome good is wanting ſtill
To ſum a full perfection, and to fill

138. Thy Cruiſe with happineſs, which if poſſeſſed,
Thou haſt a diadem Crowns all thee reſt
Haſt thou the Tongues of Men, and could'ſt thou break
Thy Lips in Oracles, or could'ſt thou ſpeak
The dialects of Angels, when they Sing
Their ſecret Canſons to their Sovereign King

139. A tinkling Cymbal or the hideous ſound
Of diſcompoſed diſcords, or the Rounds
Of Frollick Midnight-Madneſs could requite
Thy wild Attention with as much delight,
And Breath as ſweetly in the Almighty's Ear;
If Heart Rejoycing Charity be not there.

140. Seek then true Wiſdom in things above,
Rob not thy ſelf of God Almighty's love,
Remember thy Creator in thy Prime
Of preſent Youth, before that black Mouth'd time
Of Sullen Age approach, before the Day
Thy Dying pleaſures find a dull decay.

141. Since then my Soul both Faith and works ly (Dead
If Charity fail, be wiſe and caſt thy Bread
Upon the waters, as the waters run
Deal thou thy dole, until thy dole be done;
Be Liberally Prudent, hold not thy Hand,
He Robs himſelfe that faintly Sows the Land

142. Stay not for Showers, the Soil if overflown
Will drown thy Seed Corn and return thee none;
Let not ſome weeds diſcourage thee to Sowe,
The Plow will Root them up, or if they Grow
To ſturdy for the Culters point to kill,
Fear not thy Harveſt, a hard Winter will.

143. Caſt not lank Corn upon too lean a Ground,
Fair Crops from of, Ill Ground are rarely found,
Sowe cloſely, what thou Soweſt and leſs in ſight,
The Eyes of Doves will Make thy Harveſt light:
Thy work thus Wiſely done, what then remains
Give Heaven the Glory, and expect the Gains.

144 Know thou the duſt her duſt to duſt ſhall deliver,
And the Spirit return to God the all knowing giver.
So then my Soul be true Repentant and wiſe:
He Read his Wiſdom, Lecture, did adviſe
And Search the Fountain, whence he did convey.
His fruitful ſtreams in a Proverbial way.

145. O Seek to find pure words with great delight,
To extinguiſh Prophet and extirpate falſe might
Stir up the drowſie, and ſpure on the ſlow,
That all unprofitable paſſions may quite expire
And Wiſdom may direct thy ways to Imitate (Fire,
The Heavenly and Cæleſtial quire, who are as bright as

146. Take delight in true Wiſdom, tis a Treaſure,
Sell all to Purchaſe it with thy leaſure
Fly vice, turn delight into a Sacrifice;
Lift up to Heaven humble Heart and devout Eyes,
That God may Bleſs what Earth deſpiſes;
And Heavens protect what Men derided,

147. O ſecret will thy delight in me fullfill,
Let thy Love ſway the Goard of all my Joy,
O bring my Tongue acquainted with my Heart;
That I in Glory may ſhare in full and part,
O Act not thy own way but let Divine Grace thee ſway:
O let on might be my Meaſure, that what thou ad'it may
be my Treaſure

148. Let not my Sins eclipſe my Light, teach me my
Thee to venerate, ſee and ſeek in all things, (King
And what I do in every thing to do it as for thee,
That thou may'ſt give me true felicity,
That Death take not laſting poſſeſſion of me,
But joy may revive my Soul in Paradiſe for Aye.

149. May that Majeſty on Earth a Peace beſtow,
And unto Men his Everlaſting favour ſhew.
Praiſe to thee Eternal Merit,
Father Son and Holy Spirit
Thus Angels Sing, and thus Sing we,
To God on high all Glory be. Hallelujah

A SOLILOQUIE

Upon the Death and

RESURRECTION

Of our Lord,

Declaring the pleasure of being Subject to his Divine Laws.

1. THe greatest paines are the greatest Pleasures,
To those that seek for Heavenly Tresures,
O Wonderous Love! O Love beyond degree!
The Offended dies to set the Offenders Free;
O give me a Heart Sincere within.
That Wisdom may inhabit therein

2. A clean Heart in my Breast create,
That I to thee my self may dedicate,
Remove my Guilt far from thy view:
My mind to thee Confirme, Renew,
That my Heart thy Rich Love
May ever pursue pursue pursue

3. O thou Subduer of Death unlock,
Heavens Realm unto thy faithful Flock,
Thy heritage vouchsafe to Bless,
Lord save thy Servants in distress:
Preserve thy People from commiting Sin,
That they to Glory may enter in.

4. O thou who exceedeſt in Beauty bright,
In whom the Glorious take delight,
Thou Lord of Angels greeted be
By all the Choir above the Skie:
Make us with Saints of Bliſs pertake,
In Glory with them exceeding Great.

5. O thou whoſe Blood is drink Divine,
Comfort my Soul with that Rich Wine,
That I may long to ſee thy Face,
And enjoy the Beauty of thy Heavenly Grace;
Who art a Lamb without a ſpot,
Renownedly Great before begot,

6. That we ſhould be thy pleaſure was,
Therefore we will for ever thee Praiſe,
Hoſanna Hoſanna to thee the higheſt,
Great Holy Juſt and eke moſt true;
With whom Eternal pleaſure is now,
And will for ever for ever be new.

7. Let Wiſdom in my Soul become a conſtant guſt,
That I in thee may for ever dwell and Reſt,
O let me not from thy Bleſſed favour Slide,
Leaſt I become unworthy thy Gracious Aid:
But enlarge my will to delight in and embrace thy Law,
And do not thy Holy Spirit from me withdraw,

8. Leaſt I become to the Enemy a prey,
But from him I beg thee me deliver,
Le'ſt my Soul Tremble, ſhake and quiver,
Wanting a Spiritual Eye to diſcerne
Thee in the Sacramental viand,
That Chalice of Bleſſing moſt Divine,

9. So full of Comfort to my mind,
So full of Joy and Pleaſure unto my Soul,
which thou haſt appointed to ſhew forth
Thy Death until thy comeing again;
To thee therefore be Glory given,
When time ſhall fail (Eternally) in Heaven.

10 O Lord regard my cry, leſt I unheard like thoſe
Who in ſhades of Dark Oblivion lye (that Die,
That my ſtrength may be ſecure on every ſide,
Since all my hopes in thee Conſide:
O let my weakneſs Celebrate thy Power
Who art to me a Shield and Tower. (were

11. O thou who dyeſt for us when we thy enimies
Regard us now, we are thy friends and give thee praiſe,
Fruit of our Lips, we will give thanks to thy name always
O from the Grave me ſave, for Mercy lives in thee,
O let me from Eternal Death for ever be free be free.
For thou who knoweſt all things ſeeſt I Love thee.

12 Lord ſhower on me thy grace enrich me with thy gifts
Let thy Illuſtrious Face upon thy Servant ſhine, (Divine,
The Graves their Sealed doors uncloſe,
The Dead Awakned all aroſe,
The Mournful Women and the Amaz'd Centurion cryes,
Oh! tis the eternal Son of God that Dies.

13. O thou the Glorious Prince of Life;
Who could'ſt not die yet dyed'ſt for me,
O make my thoughtful Heart ariſe,
And Ponder theſe deep Myſtiries,
What mean'ſt thy Death who knoweſt no Sin,
Or what my Life who have Lived therein.

14. "Mine was the Debt and Death my due,
"Though thou waſt pleaſed thy Son to Sue:
"Lord thou waſt pleaſed on him to lay,
"The Debt, and he the Price did pay,
"The Goſpel-Feaſt tho' Sweet to me,
"Are the Emblems of his Agony

15. The Angles Sing, and likewiſe we
Deſire to Sing Eternally to God on high all Glory be,
Let him on Earth his Peace beſtow,
And unto Men his Favours ſhew:
That they may at this diſtance know
His Greatneſs and his goodneſs now.

16. My Soul whether art thou fled,
Search thou for Spiritual Bread;
By Prayer Pierce the Skie on high,
With lovely Eye and humble mind
By wiſe diligence ſeek to find,
The Omnipotence not concealed nor confin'd

17. Let all my Powers combine,
To ſet thy Honour up as my deſign,
And all thy Enemies level with the Ground,
That I may ſtudy thy Renown:
O let things ſort unto my will,
That I thy Pleaſure may fulfil.

18. O ſet me not up to throw me down
Leaſt I for ever looſe Renown,
In thy Eſteem Renowned King,
Creator great of every Living thing,
Who thy power haſt ſhewn to the unknown,
Tho unworthy of ſo great a Bleſſing.

19. Let not thy words onely Rime,
But give to God thy ſtrength and time,
My Soul to God was panting all the day;
Something to him it fain would ſay,
But could not well Impart,
Through Weakneſs the eaqo of the Heart

20, The finnis which any Hyme can afford
Is when the Zeal of Soul with lines accord,
Aſpiring after Heavenly reſt,
Where with the Righteous are Bleſſed:
Who cannot complain of any thing behind
To compleat their Verſe, or perfect their Hymne in kind

21. Call home thine Eyes too apt to Wonder,
Inſpect thy Soul review over and under,
Perhaps thy Glance powerful may be,
To prevent miſhaps un known undeſcovered,
To a mind yet Chained, yea Bound in Miſery,
Yet uncouched with grief which exalts to Magnality.

22. O thou in whom all dainties are,
Give me a ſhare of thy Rich Treaſure,
Aſſiſt me then to ſave my Coſt and paſſions to mend,
That I may aſpire to a full enjoyment:
My mind being Bent with ſweet content
In hopes of that Rich Entertainment,

23, Weep what ye have drank amiſs and drink this,
And meet ye the Heavenly kiſs of Peace,
This will bring joy that drowneth quite your delight,
Removing that joy which doth deſtroy,
Heavenly rapture and Holy reſt,
Be wiſe all ye whom pain doth Arraign.

24. That joy may not deſtroy that which Sorrow may
That pleaſure may quiet your delight, (remove
And fill you with Rich Treaſure;
With Heavenly Love the Bleſſed Dove,
That ye may have joy in Death,
And after Death revive and Live.

25. Make me Juſt and Right in thy ſight,
That I may aſpire to a full delight,
With ſweet content Heavenly Enjoyment,
Where no Sorrows but delight do abound,
Succeeding ſtreight the Heavenly Round,
Many Years hence after the loſs of Life and Sence.

26. When the Soul ſhall wear New Array,
Making no ſtop nor ſtay
When grown fair and full of Grace,
In the Glorious Heavenly Paradice,
Which Room and poſſeſſion will afford,
By the command of thy Kingly Lord,

27 The encorrageable Sinners to Heaven are hateful
Injurious to ſociety to God ungrateful;
As the Soul, Life to the Body gives
So Prayer revives the Soul, by Prayer Lives:
Lord let me Die or Live thou in me,
That I with thee (O King) may Live Eternaly.

COPIES

COPIES FOR SCHOLARS To Practice WRITING.

1. FAin would I come before my Gracious God,
"But that my Sinful Years ſtill fear the Rod
"Of his Correction; yet appear I muſt,
„Sure ſure he's Merciful as well as Juſt.
„Cheer up thy ſelf diſtrayed Soul, and thou ſhalt ſee
"His Mercies greater than thy Sins can be.

2. "Help Lord for I am wounded by my Sins,
"Sore without and Sick with in;
"I come to thee hoping to find
"Cure for my Body and my Mind:
"In *Gilead* though no Balm be found
"To eaſe my Smart and cure my Wound.

3. "That Sin that findeth more credit than the reſt,
"That is thy Darling, leans upon thy Breaſt;
"That in the Boſom of thy Heart doth ly,
"That dips within the Diſh, ſays is it I
"That gives the Kiſſe, O that's the Sin that ſlays thee,
"O that O that's the *Judas* that betrays thee.

4. "As Water that is poured on the ground
"Sinks deeply in, and can no more be found;
"For Water ſpilt who can again recover,
"Such is thy Life when once 'tis gone, thou ſhalt not
"Then Love the Lord all thy Dayes (have another
„And call upon him for Salvation

5 Six

5, "Six Days are given us for to Labour in;
"So kind and Mercifull the Lord hath been,
"Of seven Days himself hath took but one;
"Oh Rob him not of that to leave him none:
"Who will not with him on the Sabbath rest,
"Shall never rest with him amongst the Blest.

6 "Awake from Sleep, awake from Sin,
"With Hand and Heart to call on him,
"Who from above pleas'd to descend,
"From Satans Malice to defend
"Our forfeit Souls, to that Right grace
"Where we may still behold his Face.

7. "Lord pardon from thee I do crave,
"For often times I Sinned have;
"For I have Sinned both Day and Night,
"Whereby thy Mercies Lord I slight:
"I Sinned have even from the Womb;
"Till I will return unto my Tombe.

8. "Who more can crave then God for me hath done,
"Who to Redeme a Slave did give his only Son;
"Blest'd be that Hour when he repared our loss,
"I never will forget my Saviours Cross;
"Who cryed, Repent Repent,
"As *John* that for our Saviour went.

9. "Patience is the Dumb Mans talk
"Patience is the Lame Mans walk:
"Patience is the Blind Mans Eye,
"Patience is the Prisoners Cry,
"To thee all Honour, Praise and Merit,
"Father Son and Holy Spirit.

10. "My hope shall never be Confounded,
"Becaus my hope on *Christ* is Grounded,
"The Grace of *Jesus Christ* to me,
"Is the only true Filicity.
"Remember well and bear in mind,
"A faithful Friend is hard to find.

11. "Be diligent to attend Wholſom Inſtructions;
"Much deligence is neceſſary to him that will profit.
"*Chriſt*'s Croſs my Crown I do eſteem,
"What ever heathen Men to deem.
"My hope on *Chriſt* is fixed ſure,
"Who wounded was my wounds to cure.

12. "Thy Saviour on the Croſs did chuſe,
"To ſave thy Life his own to looſe.
"The Death of *Chriſt* is Life to thee,
"If thou a Chriſtian truly be.
"To thy moſt Bleſſed Eternal Merit,
"All Laud and Honour be Eternally.

13. Confeſſion is to cure Sin,
"A very preſent Medicine,
"Repent in time and do thy Life amend,
"Before that Death doth come thy Life to end.
"See thou for Death all times prepared be,
"That ſudden Death may never come to thee.

14. "The poor Man faſt,s becauſe he hath no Meat,
"The Sick Man faſt's becauſe he cannot Eat,
"The Glutton faſt's becauſe he can Eat no more;
"The Uſerer faſt's for to increaſe his ſtore,
"The Hypocrites faſts, becauſe they are commended;
"The Saints do faſt becauſe they have Offended.

15. "Fierce *Lyons* Roar for their Prey, and then
"*Daniel* thrown in and *Daniel* yet Remains.
"Alive then was a Lion in the Den, but God
"Was *Daniels* Friend or *Daniel* had been Slain;
"Amongſt Ten Thouſand, Lions I do not fear,
"Had I But only *Daniels* Lion there.

16. "The lofty are unwiſe,
The humble Vertue prize
Thoſe to great Honour God will bring,
With Saints and Angels Eternally to Sing.
Glory to God moſt high, great, good and Wiſe
Thrice Glory be always alwaye *Halleluiahs*

A Mournfull

ELEGY

IN

Commemoration of that Venerable Prelate, the Right Reverend Father in God, John *Late* Lord Biſhop *of* OXFORD, *and Dean of* Chriſt-Church; *who departed this Life on* Thurſday July *the* 8th. *at four of the Clock in the Afternoon*, 1686.

GReat *Oxford's* gone O happy he,
Whoſe Praiſe exceeds the bounds of Solidity,
But can Pearly Floods of Grief keep ſilence ſtill,
When the Sadded World hath ſuffered ſuch great ill
In the loſs of *Oxfords* Flower, and the Chool
Whoſe abſent Comforts now they do condole
Who by his ſacrid eloquence were wont to be refreſht,
In that he changed to joyful Hearts the needeis crys,
Whoſe brimful Orbs with Sighs now dim their Eyes,
For him whoſe comforts now they revalue by their loſs,
For that the Sadded World for his abſent bears the Croſs:
Though now to Lambent Glory he is gone,
Yet we for him cannot forbear to Mourn,
For that our Souls by him refreſhed were ſo,
That now alaſs for him in Mourning (ſtill) we goe:
For that his worth and merit were ſo great
That on them Scarcely any can ſet Rate,
So like the perfect Pattern was this our Friend

That

That beyond Expreſſion were our comfort in him,
Wherefore for him we are afflicted much,
The abundance of Treaſures that dwelt in him was ſuch,
Mourning the Loſs till Sorrow be retreiv'd,
With Glems of Joy when with him we ſhall meet,
In Heavenly Orbs to Magnifie our Lord.

Who to him ſuch Mighty Grace
Did long in abundance Mercifully afford,
Whereby the Balm of Life he plentifully diſplaid,
Quenching the Fiery Darts by *Satan* laid,
Sowing the Seed of Faith, to ſhake his Kingdom down,
Breathing perufmes of peace, with Sacred Love,
Into the Hearts of the Glorious Heirs above,
Scattering ſtill his merit ſo full compleat of weight and
That none but Angels can it enough ſet forth: (worth
For that his praiſe exceeds the bounds of eloquence,
Whereby exceeding Treaſure he did to us commence,
Such Heavenly Vertues brighten ſtill his Soul,
That wit nor Eloquence could never him controul
But have the Majeſterial powers find
On to ſucceed him in Vertue and mind
Great good and juſt as any left behind;
For more than common deſerving was he ſo
That no new event could turn him to and fro.

Then Conſecrate your mind when on him you think,
And after let not your Sorrow Shrink,
Rain Rivers down of Mournful Tears and true
Like orient Pearle but Occidental Hue,
Let Lamentations give your paſſions vent
Under unparralleled diſcontent,

But Orphans Cries and Widdows Tears cannot prevail,
To ſalve the Sorrow for which we ſadly Waile,
Nor the greateſt Artiſt recall our diſmal Fate
For which we bitterly lament thus late,
Which grief renews, and joy Obliterates;
Since thoſe Glorious Splendent Rayes

Of

Of Brightneſs and Luſter we have loſt
To our great Grief and coſt, grief and coſt
Since for our ſore no ſalve we find we find;
Heavineſs does ſore oppreſs our minds,
Becauſe ſuch vertue lasting in him dwelt,
As ſhew'd for the Publick himſelf he ſpent,
Not that the ſweeteſt Number can Redreſs,
Or make our Agony of Grief the leſs the leſs;
O Triumph of the Grave! O pomp of Death!
Unite our Beams in one compleated Verſe,
To flouriſh on ſo Loyal a Subjects Hearſe:
His form ſo Godlike, and his Doctrine mild,
With what Heroick Soul through Grief moſt deep
He ſaw his ſpeechleſs Lovers round him weep.

For him whoſe Perſon and Vertue ſpeak him great,
Even ſo for Biſhops when juſt and mild are Gods below:
Great * Fell is Dead his active Spirit flown,
And none to lend a Tear a Sigh a Grone.
For ſuch a loſs methinks at leaſt all Eyes
(Since Tongue cannot) ſhould weep large Elegies,
Expect no muſes for they at his Death
Compaſſionate loſt their Poetique Breath;
His meſſage is done, he is fled unto his Maker,
Of what he told us here to be partaker,

His Priſoned Soul was ſo Harmonious here,
Now looſe what Muſick think you makes ſhe there,
She wept then ſung, now ſing again wept in Rhime,
Her reſt now knows no ſtop her joy no time;
Her fancy is Viſions now ſhe doth Live,
With Angels food Knowledge intuitive:
She Taught before now ſees Divinity
With God in Glory, great, King of Majeſty,
But ſtay my Muſe the Clouds do interpoſe
Twixt thee and her, tis better for thee Cloſe:
Sigh out the Reſt or would'ſt thou to him go

Prepare

Prepare by Piety and vertue him to to follow,
To Rejoice with him in the Eternal Morrow.
I'll Muſter words no more ſince his Fame,
Makes up an Armey to defend his name;
Which * fell to ſoon our loſs ſo great we find,
That Oratory and Eloquence cannot refreſh our minds.
Yet Pardon me although Infeeble ſhew,
His meaneſt Auditor dares this ſorrow know,
For Afflictions have encountered our Pleaſure,
Since he is mute who brave truths did diſcover.
Since he taught Wiſdom let me then adviſe adviſe,
That we with him may learn to become truly Wiſe;
Since we are Ignorant what ſhall befall,
And who can tell us when it ſhall.
But hope of help comfort us gives,
While Mercy ſtill with Juſtice lives.
O let not our Tears be few,
But cleanſe our Souls by Weeping dew,
Since he from Life is parted;
Who from True *Loyalty* never ſtarted,
We turn again him to conſider,
Hoping with him to Live for ever;
When ſhall we be taken to thee,
That we in Glory may Rejoice to view thee.

Inflam'd with love and Winged with deſire
His Pious *Soul* in Wiſdom did aſpire,
Above the World and with a true delight,
Enjoyed the Day-time and employed the Night,
Inclimbing nearer to that three in one
Who filleth all things But is fil'd of none.

CHOICE

CHOICE PRAYERS,

Proper For any Perſon at any time.

O Lord prepare my unprepared Heart to call upon thy great and Glorious Name, and when thou haſt don ſo hearken to thine own preparation which thou haſt made within me, and enable me, to offer up a Spiritual Sacrifice unto thee acceptable by *Jeſus Chriſt*, Amen.

O Lord kindle in my Soul the burning Light of thy Love, and by the Righteous Sun-ſhine of thy Grace diſpell all the darkneſs and Ignorance of my minde; Illuminate my underſtanding, and Lighten my Knowledg, that I may obtain a full view of thee, O thou Glorious Son of Righteouſneſs that by thy Bleſſed aſſiſting Grace; thy burden may be come eaſey and light to me, and I may be enabled to do thy will with cheerfullneſs and alacrity; Loving thee moſt paſſionately, and ardently with all my Heart, Mind, and Soul, and purſueing thee O thou Infinite Independant good: O ſatisfie and delight my Soul with thy goodneſs, for in thee all pleaſures do plentifully abound; O enable me to embrace thee with all my affections and deſires O raiſe all my deſires to thee I beſech thee, and faſten my thoughts continually on thee; and draw all the forces of my Soul after thee; unite my Heart and affections to thee with the knot of thy Love, that I may Love thee entirely in every paſſage and Centure of my Life, with all my vigour and ſtrength

to

to the laſt of my Days; O enable me to do ſo, for thy Infinite goodneſs and Pity ſake *Amen*

O Almighty King I beſeech thee to fill my Soul with an univerſal and infinite delight in thy ſervice that I may freely enjoy the true taſte of Spiritual delight, for thou haſt promiſed thoſe that truely ſeek a true taſte of Heavenly enjoyments, to fill them therewith, O fill me even now with a full taſte of thoſe Raviſhing Pleaſures, which far exceed all other Pleaſures, for the Pleaſures of the Soul far exceed the Pleaſure of the Body: O therefore let my higheſt Ambition be how to enjoy theſe Bleſſings, by maintaining my ſelf upright in goodneſs, by deſpiſing Vain and Earthly Pleaſure, that my Soul may obtain free and full pleaſure in the Heavenly Countrey, with the Glorious Choirs that inhabit there: O Grant me to be one of thoſe Bleſſed Inhabitants for thy infinite compaſſion ſake *Amen.*

O Eternal King, inſtill thy Divine Grace into my Soul, that I may bid a final adue to all my Sins, and henceforth conſecrate my ſelf unto thy Service; that thou in thy bountyful goodneſs mayeſt Pardon all my Sins paſt, and keep me from all Sin and ſad Accidences, for the time to come that no unfortunate cauſulty may take me from thy Service, but by thy Grace I may hencefourth and for ever dedicate my ſelf entirely to thee *Amen.*

O Almighty Lord God Father Everlaſting give me Grace to ſubdue all vain and Earthly Pleaſure; with every affection and Inclination thereto and fill me with a brave Behaviour in every thing, that I may be ſo happy as to enjoy thy ſweet Solace; that I may Drink of the ſweet Streams that Flow plentifully from thy Heavenly Palace, the full Ocean of all true pleaſure, pure moſt Raviſhing ſweet and lovely, O with what exceeding Joy do the hopes of this fill my languiſhing Soul; O for ever Bleſſed be thy Eternal Majeſty for this thy unexpreſſable

unexpreſſable favours and mercies to me Glory be to thee Glory be thee O thou Eternal Spring and Fountain of Mercy both now and for ever Ages without Number *Amen.*

O Lord I beſech thee to inſpire my Soul with Holy and Heavenly affections, always to do things agreable to thy Holy will; O inſtruct me with ſuch an humble Heart to entreat thee, that thou mayeſt favourably hear and Gracouſly anſwer me: O inſtruct me with thy Heavenly Wiſdom, to become ſuch as thou canſt not chuſe but be delighted with; inflame my Soul I pray thee with true zeal for the Honour of thy Holy Name, and fill me with an ardent deſire after Spiritual things, that I may have a due reſpect and reverence for all things that pleaſe thee; that I may Victorioufly overcome all the Aſſaults of my adverſary, and trample him under by thy aſſiſting power; that gaining the victory over him, I may encreaſe in Grace, and in the Knowledge of thee: O Eternal King, to whom be aſcribed by me, and all Creatures, all Honour and Glory, World without end *Amen.*

O Lord let not my Heart be fixed upon any Worldly deſires but on things which are above where *Chriſt* ſitteth at thy right Hand, take from me all impatience, bitterneſs of Spirit, deffidence and the ſecret murmurings of Fleſh and Blood; let thy good Spirit the comforter dwell in me to keep and counſel me in the greateſt and leaſt affairs, and direct me in Spirtual and ſecular things with his joyful enlightning preſence, by, which I beſeech him to ſweeten all the Marks of affliction which thy Providence ſhall ſet in my way to the promiſed reſt; ſo that I may ever rejoyce in thee, and in every Eſtate Live cheerfully before thee, until thou pleaſe to bring me unto the fullneſs of eternal joys in thy Bleſſed preſence, where thou wilt wipe all Tears out of mine

Eyes

Eyes and make me glad with the light of thy countenance and unite me to the triumphant Society of Saints and Angels which ſing their *Halleluiahs* to thee Eternally through *Jeſus Chriſt*, my Lord and Saviour *Amen.*

REmember not our Sins and Ignorances nor the willfulneſs of our Youth; we beſeech thee O God, but according to thy great Mercy be mindful of us in the Glories of thy Eternal Deity, and let the Heavens be opened to us at the hour of Death, and let the Holy Angels Rejoyce at our Reception into thy Kingdom, for the Merits of thy only Son *Jeſus Chriſt*, Amen.

For the Church of England.

OAlmighty God by whoſe Spirit the whole Body of the Church is Governed, hear our Prayers for all Eſtates of Men, that by the Gifts of thy Grace we may attaine to be made like to thy ſelf; O Lord hear the Prayers of thy humble Supplicants, and pardon our Sins that we confeſs unto thee, and give us purity of Faith, that we may be found with a pure Conſcience and an undefiled Spirit; and when we Die receive our Souls that we may be comforted in thy Eternal Reſt to dwell with thee for ever *Amen.*

ALmighty and moſt Mercifull Father Vouchſafe to look upon thy Congregation and Mercifully accept the Prayers of the Church, forgive us our Sins and give us integrity of Mind, Health of Body, peacable times, healthful Air, fruitfullneſs of the Earth, unity in Faith and the Grace of True Religion, and Arm us with patience and Charity and Fortifie us with ſincere Devotion that we may overcome Anger and not be furious in trouble but be filled with Joy in the Holy Ghoſt, and whatſoever is good for our Souls and Bodys, for the Glory of thy Holy Name *Amen.*

LOrd encreaſe our Faith, which is then moſt firme when reaſon ſtands moſt mute, that we Offording unto thee

thee O God, the Sacrifice of laud and praise, which do give Teſtament unto Men that we are Members of thy Myſtical Body, whereof thou O *Chriſt* art Head, which do ſhew how deſirous we are to continue in that Holy Union with thee O God, and alſo with men which thou haſt ordained by thy merits O Saviour as a moſt Gracious means to make us deſire thy Grace may come into us to preſerve us from Evil and ſpiritually to ſtrengthen our Souls unto Everlaſting Life; by Living according to thy will which is no other thing then for thou O God to Live in us: therefore O thou Lord of Angels I beſeech thee by the Fire of thy Love make me to taſte of the Fruit of the Tree of Life, yea to receive him who is Life it ſelf, may it therefore pleaſe thee O Lord to give us Everlaſting Life through *Jeſus Chriſt* our Saviour, who is both the Sacrifice and the Prieſt to whom with thee and the Holy Spirit be all Honour and Glory world without end *Amen.*

O My dear *Lord* heal the Palate of my Heart that I may taſte the Sweetneſs of thy *Love*, O Heal it of all languiſhing that it may *Love* no fairneſs but thee, therefore let my inward Bowels be filled with thy ſweetneſs for thou art the *Sole* giver of all delights, O therefore let me be a happy partaker of them that I may ſing Eternal Anthemes to thee World without end *Amen.*

ERATA.

PAge *the firſt* l. *laſt for none* r. *few* p. 2. l. 34. *for run* r. *ruine* p. 15. l. 12. *for thyn* r. *thy* p. 18. l. 24. *omit with.*

FINIS.

Price 3 *d.*